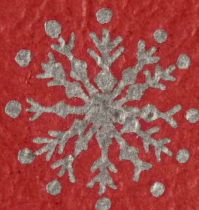


# THE PINKERTON

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# The Pinkerton Critic

Published by the Students of  
Pinkerton Academy Derry, N. H.

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DECEMBER 1948

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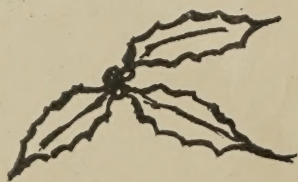
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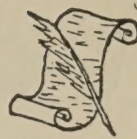


Holiday

Greetings



# EDITORIAL



## STUDY HABITS

Freshmen in college have many woes and one of the main ones is that "I never learned to study." Of course, the majority blame it on their high school teachers who never taught them how.

Many high school students—and yours truly is no exception—sit down in the evening, turn on the radio, place a plate of food nearby, open their books, give the lesson the once-over-lightly, close their books and consider themselves prepared for the next day's classes. Their poor suffering teacher has to spend that class, repeating that same lesson while the students assume a bored attitude. With the next test, comes the old familiar wail, "You never mentioned that before." Of course there are a few eccentric persons who study their lessons and pay attention in class but they are in the minority, and like most minority groups in this fair country of ours, they are often the subject of prejudice and ridicule.

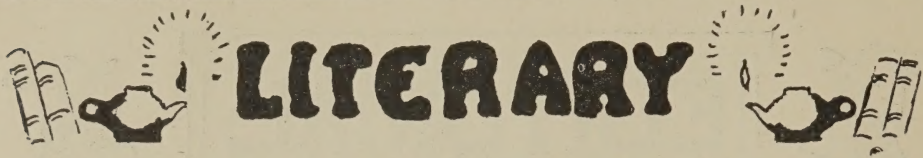
Pupils just can't realize that when they blithely ignore their studies and consider themselves so smart and sophisticated to be able to do everything the way the teacher doesn't want it done, that they are hurting no one but themselves. Or do you think I'm plagiarizing? It's not exactly original but there must be some truth in it or you wouldn't keep hearing so much from so many people.

Many people also claim that they can't study at school because they are always studying behind a class and that distracts them. Yet they also claim to study at home with the radio going full blast. Now certainly it is easier to ignore some teacher droning on about a subject you don't understand than to ignore some good mystery program. Or maybe you're not supposed to ignore it? But it's impossible to pay attention to two things at once. If you aren't ignoring the radio, you're listening to it. That means you aren't concentrating on your studies. If the radio is taking your attention away from your studies, you should turn it off. But you simply can't study without the radio. It goes around like a merry-go-round or a vicious circle.

Well, at any rate, almost all high school students need to improve their study habits. Psychologists can tell us all about having proper lighting, always studying in the same place at the same time, alternating the type of study and so forth ad infinitum but as far as I'm concerned, will-power is the only thing that will help. When you're tempted to lay aside your studies to day dream, eat, read a magazine, listen to Mr. Marconi's invention, or call a pal, exert your will-power and stay put. After a while, it will come easier; like any habit, it grows on you. Unlike most habits, you'll never find yourself wishing you could get rid of it.

The Editor





### A VISION

I am not an imaginative man nor am I addicted to telling so-called "tall tales", but last night I had a dream; a dream so vivid and realistic that I feel I must tell it to someone. I will set it down for what it is worth.

I was in a blackness so dense and overpowering as to be suffocating. Suddenly, from that blackness there appeared a very steep and rocky mountain with sides so steep that they were almost perpendicular. On the peak of this mountain there was something that glittered and shone with a gentle golden light. It brightened and faded much like a very distant star, never disappearing and yet never bright. The light seemed to have a peculiar magnetic power which drew me to it. I wanted to run to it and capture it, but a strong force was holding me back. I could not move.

Then, I noticed something else. There was a figure at the foot of the mountain, very small and seemingly insignificant. It made motions of trying to climb the mountain. I stared, fascinated, for the figure was growing little by little. It looked familiar but I could not distinguish it since it was still very tiny and almost shapeless. Presently, it began to take shape. It took the shape of a man. It is a man! The outlines were unmistakable and, as yet, he had not gone very far up the mountain.

His outline became more distinct; he grew in strength as well as in height and now progress over the rocks was faster. The ascent was not at all even. Sometimes he fell back a long way and sometimes he went up with amazing swiftness: he was always striving toward the light on the peak of the mountain.

At one very steep spot, he fell back almost half the distance that had been climbed. Strangely, I was confident that he would be able to climb back easily. Amazingly enough, after resting, he did cover the lost ground quickly and then traveled upward with great rapidity.

He was larger now, and I could see more of his features clearly. He was a hard-muscled, wide shouldered individual with a face I seemed to recognize but I could not place. His skin was a peculiar tan color with yellowish splotches.

Now he was very nearly to the top and he was climbing very rapidly. The last few feet were covered with a mighty leap and he reached for his prize hungrily, almost savagely. He reached and there was nothing there. He looked blankly into the emptiness about him and at the mountain he had just climbed. On his face there was an expression of stunned surprise. The vision faded and I slept the rest of the night untroubled.

When I awoke, I had a thought. This dream seemed to me to be strangely familiar. Was it a view of civilization struggling for an ideal? Will mankind, after enduring untold hardship to attain a paradise, find—nothing?

Stanley Shooka '49

## HARVEST SUPPER

If you live in the country, you know what I mean when I say autumn is a busy time of the year. Not only are there crops to gather in, but there is always the annual harvest supper and you are asked to wait on table. That doesn't sound hard, does it?

There are usually two suppers, one at six and another at seven with one hundred people served at each time. Your work will start about three o'clock. You and the other girls set up the tables. The first job is to get the oilcloths out but they all aren't alike. Certain ones go on certain tables and you don't find this out until you have them all out and some of them drag on the floor while other tables are only half covered. When these are straightened out, you start setting the table.

Never since you've been waiting on table have you ever been able to find all the silverware in one place at one time. The extra pieces needed may be across the street in the church vestry. Of course, the vestry is locked, and the man who has the key lives down the road. At least 20 minutes is wasted in getting the key. Once you have the silverware, you can finish setting the tables if you can stand the smoke. The supper committee is trying its best to get the old wood stove going and the smoke is pouring out the doors and windows in every direction. Anyone would think for sure that the town hall was on fire.

Raw potatoes, turnips, and carrots are being brought and since there is no real fire in the stove yet, and no promise of one, each member of the supper committee has to run home with a kettle of potatoes or turnips to cook on her own stove.

All the while this is going on, the girls are getting the tables set, the napkins folded, and the center pieces arranged.

At five you leave the hall to go home to get ready for the supper, leaving the kitchen and the dining room in an uproar. One wonders whether the vegetables scattered all over town will be back by six o'clock.

At quarter of six you are all back and wearing the little white aprons, you are ready to wait on table. That's what you were supposed to do, wasn't it?

At six the doors are opened and the people come pouring in. In no time at all the places are taken and you are scurrying about trying to see that everyone gets everything at once. Out of the hundred, there are seventy-five who will take the coffee as we pour it, seven want black coffee, three want milk, eleven want water, and four don't want anything.

Meat is scarce but there is always the lady who asks for seconds. It keeps you busy keeping them contented. When time for the pie comes, there is the lady who can't possibly eat it in the same plate as she ate her supper so you have to get her a clean one. She doesn't think of those busy people in the kitchen who have to have all the dishes washed by seven o'clock. If you place squash pie on one table, the people automatically want apple and if you put apple on another table, they want blueberry.

The one hundred are gone by six forty-five, and in the next fifteen minutes you ought to see the dishes fly from the kitchen to the tables. You go through the



same thing again; you can see your nose shining and feel the perspiration running down your back.

At eight o'clock you heave a sigh of relief as you sit down with the others to eat the leftovers, such as they are. One thing, there's always a nice looking pie saved out for the help.

By this time you are ready for bed. You don't even care about the dance going on upstairs. Now, when I am asked to wait on table at a harvest supper, I know it means at least five hours of work, plus a piece of pie.

Priscilla Rand '49

### AGONY

"Drive around the block," growled an enormous man, walking toward my car. He jerked the door open and jumped in.

One look at his gnarled countenance and my palms became clammy. My hands slipped on the wheel. His eyes pierced me from beneath dark bushy brows. "Drive around the block!"

The starter.....where in the world was the starter! After successfully starting and maneuvering the car around the corner, I began to feel his eyes scrutinizing every move and.....well, I just wouldn't think about it.

"Left!" He shot the command and I obeyed. My brow was feverish and the muscles in my arms and fingers seemed to be cast in stone, I was so rigid with fear, so intense. What next, I thought.

I began to try to think of what a few other people have done in similar situations. "Left!" rudely cut into my thoughts. My nerves were tense. If he says that again, I'll scream!

"Stop!" The large man opened the door and gave me a sinister glance. I shook within myself. He opened his mouth to speak.

"Thank you, Miss Stowe, you'll receive your license in a few days."

Nyla Stowe '49

### STORMY WEATHER

Or

#### STAY IN AND ENJOY THOSE GIVE-A-WAY PROGRAMS

Oh, rain, rain, beautiful and wet rain. A nice quiet night to stay in and go to bed early, but can I enjoy it? NO! That 'no' was not meant to be so emphatic, but I'm mad. Mad about give-a-way programs, that is.

Even the fact that it is a 30,000,000 to 1 chance that my telephone will ring does not deter me. It is amazing how many stupid people there are in the world, or so they appear when asked to "name that song" which happened to be "Love Somebody."

Anyone who is musically minded and even those who aren't, should have heard "Love Somebody" before now. If he hasn't, he should have his phone taken out before some radio quiz program accidentally calls him.

Telephone fright is a terrible thing to get. Imagine your predicament if, while listening to one of these give-a-way shows, your phone rings. Two seconds



before that, you had been singing "Tea for Two" in accompaniment with the radio orchestra. The minute you heard that familiar ring, your mind becomes a complete blank.

With wet palms, dry throat, knocking knees, and wobbly voice, you finally get the courage to pick up the black demon and stammer, "Goodby, goodby. I mean—Hello."

What is the feeling you experience when you hear a man say, "Hello, is your father there?" Disappointment or relief? Think it over carefully before you call one of the telephone contestants stupid.

Virginia Verge '49

### HOW MANY OF THESE DRINKS CAN YOU NAME?

How many of those drinks could he name? He stared at the advertisement in front of him. Well—all of them, he supposed. Milk, orange juice, grapefruit juice, tomato juice, and yes, even the liquor. Well he knew that. But he was in no mood for naming drinks. He just wanted more of them—more—more.

"Page," he ordered, "Give me more of that." One swallow, it was gone, another—another—still another. He drank, leaned over the table in the booth, returned the empty glass for a refill. Then he lighted another cigarette, puffed on it. The glass came back, he drank it, puffed on the cigarette, and muttered something to himself.

Then, the performance started again. He felt sick, his head was burning, not from the drinks, but from a memory he was trying to forget. He stared at the advertisement in front of him, "How many of these drinks can you name?" Over and over in his memory the words went. He had to think of something; he had to forget.

"Another glass," he called. He drew on the cigarette. The ad held no interest for him. It was just an escape to read something that would make him forget the newspaper headlines, that would be staring him in the face tomorrow.

He must—must forget that terrible day.

There was no forgetting, he thought, as he swished down another coke. No forgetting—Cleveland 8—Boston 3.

Maurice MacDonald '49

### LISTENING TO BALL GAMES

Two years ago I became one of those peculiar animals, a Baseball Fan. Although I only recently saw my first big league game and don't understand most of the fine technicalities of the game, I nevertheless spent half my evenings listening to ball games over that clever little invention, the radio.

Like most members of my generation, I never just sit and listen to the radio; I always do something else at the same time—sew, weave, do my homework, write letters, read or just plain day-dream. Naturally this can be a bit confusing at times. I am apt to receive the impression that in 1492 Columbus received permission from Queen Isabella to give Ted Williams an intentional pass. Or that, with a count of three and two, Bob Elliot is conjugated irregularly in the future tense.



Usually I start off fully determined to pay strict attention to the business at hand and concentrate on the ball game. However, after two or three fairly routine innings my mind (so-called) wanders. When a roar from the crowd attracts my attention, I come to realize that something has happened. The announcer raves on about "his fourth double of the series and it couldn't have come at a better time" and so forth, but finally he simmers down and lets it be known that the Braves have scored a run to tie up the game. (I hadn't realized that there was any score at all—let alone one in favor of the other team.)

Now I listen diligently for the rest of the inning—which soon ends with no further action. Then, while someone describes all the advantages of Narragansett Ale and Beer, I cease to listen. Eventually something makes me realize that Bobby Hogue has turned in a wonderful relief performance and the game is over. By paying strict attention to the re-cap I manage to find out who won and why. The next day I discuss it with as much enthusiasm as if I hadn't missed a single play (or a double play either.) Oh well, it's a great sport, anyway.

Helen Small '49

### PIAZZA SERENADE

"Ho-hum, 11:00 P. M., guess I'll go to bed." So I lay down my Zane Grey book and hit the hay.

I sleep on our front piazza in the summer. It is located in such a way that when Padre opens his windows I can hear his radio plainly.

"Shot through the head five times and left in his corn field," says the radio.

I shiver and burrow under the pillow. Madre calls out and asks if I locked the garden door.

"No! No one has seen a burglar around here for twenty years and we aren't going to either!" I shout back with an air of finality.

The moon shines in through the maples that surround the piazza, and shines in my face. "Hm-m-m. And he was shot five times through the head. Boy, am I brilliant! I am a perfect target here!" So I get up and put my head at the foot of the bed. "Let 'em shoot at my feet if they want to, my brains are up here, (I think)."

The radio drones on. "Strangled while she slept, not a pretty sight." (That program has the queerest ways to get rid of surplus characters).

Now I sit bolt up-right. "Think I heard someone out in the bamboo bushes." What would Zane Grey do in a case like this? Why he'd call out to the "varmit" to "Vamoose, pronto, or go to Boot Hill." One little thing hinders me, No Gun!! Let's see. Padre's rifle is in the hall closet, Phil's revolver is in his desk and my hunting knife, since style doesn't permit a hidden sheath in one's peplum, is up in my room. Suddenly, a window opens and a head bedecked in curlers pokes out and calls her dog home. "Just a dog, boy, do I spook easily!"

I begin to think maybe I had better go out and lock the garden door. There's always a first time, you know.

I creep in through the parlor, living and dining rooms. Stop! A shadow! I snap on the light. NO LIGHT! G-Got-ta-k-keep c-calm! Snap on the kitchen



light! Oh, shucks, it was just a misplaced footstool! And I was hoping for some excitement! Oh well, might as well have some strawberries while I'm out here. (The door had already been locked.)

Back to the piazza again and all is well. No more dogs or radios. I'm used to whip-poor-wills, frogs, tree-toads, crickets, and grasshoppers all harmonizing together, but now the Mill dogs are voicing their feelings to the moon and here come a "flock" of planes. I'll never get to sleep.

Patricia Coburn '49

### ON POLITICIANS

When one thinks of politicians, usually one thinks of someone running for Congress or even our own General Court. But not I. Immediately I recall the other meaning. Those persons who have, shall I say, tact. And you know what tact is—the oil that takes the friction out of life.

To continue, a politician is one who can approach you for a five spot when all you have to your name is six dollars, and "borrow" it from you without tearing it out of your hands. (They always have plenty of nerve, too). And come to think of it, why are all politicians perpetually broke?

I have a pet theory that they invest their money—in something like crossing kangaroos with mink to get fur coats with pockets, but whatever they do with it, one thing is sure—you never see it again after they borrow it. And I'm certain of another thing. I'll never lend money to a politician again.

"Why, hello, Joe! (He slaps me on the back.) You really think so? Well, I dunno. You do? Well, I'm a little low right now. Oh sure, I know. That so? Well, not more than a five." And there goes a true politician!

Irene Muzzey '49

### MY KID BROTHER

My brother, who is three whole years younger than I, a mere child, is not such a bad little brat. It's just that he insists on tagging along on all of my many hair-raising adventures. I wouldn't mind really, except that I'm afraid the excitement might stunt his growth.

But enough of this wishful thinking, and back to my brother. At night, when I drag myself home after a perfectly horrible day at school, when I feel my age, to the very day, when I crave a little peace and quiet in our humble abode, and feel the need of the respect and service that should accompany the title of second oldest man in the house, THAT is the time he chooses to demonstrate his latest yodel, or his club's new war cry, or some other such noisy noise.

Even that is not too bad, it's that he's almost as unpredictable and illogical as a woman. I pride myself on being a philosopher, and (I keep telling myself) I understand ordinary people, and I think I even understand most women, but I don't even pretend to understand my brother.

Anytime I start a hobby, "Dodo" is right in there with the same hobby, in fact, the same equipment. For instance, my harmonicas. He positively adores play-



ing my harmonica, but he's not contented to do one thing at a time, he has to practice blowing his bubble gum at the same time. Rough life!!

Oh well! He's my brother, and I have to put up with him. I imagine he can tell some beauts about me, too. He seems to like me, though. Oh, that's silly, I treat him as well as could be expected. I do let him—well, I never beat—say, maybe I'd better reform.

Alfred Marcotte '50

### BALLET IN BLACK AND BLUE

All winter I had practiced dancing faithfully between my weekly ballet lessons, dreaming of the big night that was to come during the month of May. I was so thrilled when my instructor informed me that I was to lead a group of seven other girls in a number called "Spring's Awakening." I knew this called for a solo later to be joined by the group. The dance routine was planned and the costumes carefully chosen. Mine was a dreamy pale pink with straps of roses and I couldn't wait to wear it.

To an eight year old, May brought more than a dance recital; namely, frogs eggs to be scooped out of a nearby brook. With four other youngsters armed with poles, we worked with diligence all the morning of the day before the recital, filling jars with the eggs. Suddenly the boy beside me became excited at the sight of a garter snake and tried to hit it with his pole. Somehow instead of the snake's getting hit with the pole, I got it in the eye. By nightfall my eye was about three times its normal size and a deep black and blue. Mother was frantic and that night the instructor nearly fainted when he saw me at the dress rehearsal. The pale pink costume certainly contracted beautifully with the black and blue shades of my eye.

On the way home, the clerk at the drug store suggested painting around my eye with a flesh color liquid he had for sale.

The big night arrived and much to the relief of Mother and the instructor, my black eye wasn't noticeable behind the footlights, and "Spring Awakened" in a beautiful and proper manner.

Dorothy Allen '50

### YOUR HUMAN NATURE IS SHOWING!

The strangest thing in life is that queer little quirk called human nature. That small thing can make happiness, wreck homes, get you in and out of trouble, all in the twinkling of an eye.

Why is it that the average person can't control himself when he sees a "Wet Paint" sign? Human nature steps in and the individual departs very satisfied with a gaily-colored finger.

If you want your lawn nicely flattened out, just put up a "No Trespassing" sign, and presto!! Nine out of ten people, prodded by the little demon, Human Nature, will stamp on it, drive on it, or lie on it, very obligingly.

Human nature is also that conceited little trait which makes each person think he can do something just a wee bit better than someone else. For this reason, there are Sing Sing, Alcatraz, San Quentin, Leavenworth, and other institutions.



They are monuments to the human natures that went astray, trying to commit the perfect crime.

Don't we all do queer things? Just for the fun of it, walk down Main street with your face upward toward the sky. Inside of five minutes, everyone will be gaping to discover what is so fascinating. Human Nature again!

Thousands of people every year enter contests because human nature tells them they could be the lucky ones. A few win. Most of them use up valuable box-tops and a lot of time and postage stamps.

Isn't it true that if Mr. McJones appears in a '49 Cadillac, within a few days we see Mr. O'Brown sailing along in a shiny new Buick. That is the little demon. Human Nature, at work.

That same nature causes people to go to ball games and enter the stadium with the urge to "kill the umpire," and "molder da bums," and even if they have no personal opinion, tradition says the umpire is a no-good-bucket-brain. Human Nature says to tell him so. Put them together and you have a typical human being.

In the long run, where would we be without human nature? The world would be so perfect there would be nothing to live for.

What is it that makes us turn off the alarm clock, roll over for another forty winks, and just make it to school on time? Don't look now, but he's here again! That clever little demon—Human Nature!

Joanne Merrill '50

### MIKE FRIGHT

Although I had played many solos in public, I never expected to play on the radio. Imagine my surprise when I was asked to play on the "Town Crier Program" over station WMUR.

I accepted of course, but as the two weeks before I was to play began to dwindle away, I was filled with mixed feelings of dread, anticipation and doubt.

Even though I practiced until my pieces were letter perfect, when the day finally arrived, I was scared stiff.

I was scheduled to play at one-thirty, but I was at the station at twelve so that I could go over my pieces with whoever was to accompany me. My father went back home very shortly as I was going home with friends.

When I got there, I met the Town Crier himself—a fat, jolly man who soon put me quite at ease. He showed me the different broadcasting studios which were all soundproofed and one of them even had a telephone in it.

About twelve-thirty, Mr. Colter, the station's organ and piano player, came in. He had his own program at quarter of one, but he had time to run over my solos with me. By this time, I was not at all nervous, and having a wonderful time. I was absolutely thrilled when Mr. Colter let me play the Hammond Organ. I had just gone through the first chorus of chopsticks, (I played with both hands and feet) when I had to stop for Mr. Colter's program.

He let me stay in the room while he broadcast his program and it certainly was interesting. He would play one number on the organ, then, while the an-



nouncer was giving a commercial, he would tiptoe over to the piano for his next number. It was only fifteen minutes long, and there was a half an hour wait before our program, but even then there was so much going on, that I just couldn't get nervous.

Finally, we were on the air. The program itself was very informal and no scripts were used except for the commercials. I had to wait about fifteen minutes before I went on, and I played the "Barbara Polka" first. Then, the Town Crier motioned me to the mike, and it was there the trouble started. My mouth went dry, and I was in such a daze that I could just barely answer the simple questions he asked me. At last, I knew what was meant by mike fright, because if anyone ever had it, I did that moment. My friends and relatives who were listening said that they didn't notice.

My other solos went well and before I knew it, the last commercial had been given and the program was over. As I said goodbye to the new friends, I had a vast feeling of relief, but somehow I felt as though I would like to do it all over again.

Joan DeCourcy '50

### THE WRECK OF THE OLD 131313

It may seem to many people that it was an amazing coincidence that a group of amateur railroading enthusiasts should just happen to pick the ill-fated freight 131313 to watch from a vantage point as it rolled into the freight yards at the end of its run.

These men were from many different walks of life, but all had one common interest — their fascination for railroads. The interest had started in boyhood and had led them to learn all about railroads.

By now, the long string of rumbling boxcars was speedily rolling into a more heavily populated area on a slight downgrade. The many freight cars all with different destinations and markings blended together surprisingly well to make a sort of blurred snake in the distance passing between the telegraph wires above and the double tracks below in such a well-ordered fashion that one could hardly believe that in a few moments all would be chaos confusion and jumbled junk.

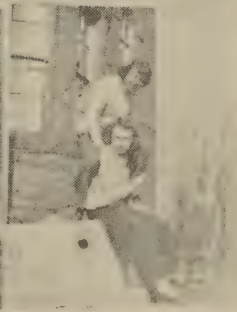
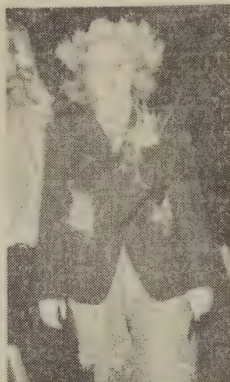
The cows stood in a neighboring pasture watching like dummies as the train went by. Soon it passed over a river so still that its surface was glassy.

Then came the suspense-filled thirty seconds. The little group of spare-time railroaders looked on horrified as they saw the front truck of the powerful-looking locomotive leap from the track, derailing the whole locomotive and causing it to swivel around blocking the path of the onrushing boxcars that jumped the track right and left trying to lose momentum. Finally only the caboose was left upright on the tracks.

The astonished men stood dumbfounded except for Bill. He went over and looking at the track as he tenderly picked up the model engine said, "Darned if I didn't drop a piece of solder on the track the last time I fixed a signal."

Paul Pillsbury '52







# Class Notes

## SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Scene: Club Pinkerton, an exclusive club in Derry Village, catering to the pupils of Pinkerton Academy.

Time: Christmas Eve.

Table I: Situated in a secluded corner, commanding an excellent view of the guests.

Sophie Senior: Sam, isn't that a gathering of class officers coming in?

Sam Senior: Yes, I can see Jim Hodgdon, Irene Mazzei, and Ray Caron, but where's Virginia Verge?

Sophie: Oh, there she is. She came early with Dave. Judy Gibbs and John Bartlett are backstage putting the finishing touches on the floor show—the football team is going to be in it.

Sam: Really? Now I'll tell you something—the boys beat the girls in field hockey the other day, but the girls won the real championship, of course.

Sophie: Why shouldn't they with such a captain as Betty Lou? Helen Small was general manager for all the classes. Oh, look—they've put the spotlight on Maurice MacDonald. He must be the M. C. for tonight because he was football manager.

Sam: He's twirling his keys as usual. The football players are coming on—Captain Tyler, Bud Caron, John Bartlett, Bob Hicks, Curt Henderson.

Sophie: Bob Merrill, Bill Hepworth, Carl Barnard, Gordon Lowell.

Sam: And of course Ted Traver, Harry Dalton, Duncan Cameron and Ralph Boone.

Sophie: I can't understand where David Gates is tonight. I'm sure he and his Freshman friend were coming.

Sam: Perhaps they were followed. Pat Boyle and Len Severance can tell you how that happened to them after the Corn Roast.

Sophie: I didn't hear about that. But the refreshments were certainly good that night—fresh corn dripping with butter, toasted marshmallows that tasted so good black, hot dogs, and all kinds of tonic. Mmmmm. I think it was a good idea to have it at Bella Vista beach.

Sam: Only a few brave souls went swimming, but it was so chilly you can't blame them.

Sophie: Oh, Sam, wasn't that a good show! I didn't expect Jackie Clay to be dressed as Santa Claus, but then she's had plenty of practice from all the shows she's put on for the girls downstairs.

Sam: Golly, it gets late so quickly. All my evenings at the Club are fun, though, and next week the show will be arranged by the committee that put on our Freshman Reception. Remember what a good time we had dancing to Johnny Gillespie's orchestra?



Sophie: I'll say! It's getting late, Sam, we'd better say goodnight to the others. Goodnight and Merry Christmas!

Sam: And a Happy New Year! Look, Sophie, it's snowing.

Irene Muzzey '49

### JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Characters: Jerome and Justine Junior. Jerome is a boy from out of town whom Justine invited to the party.

Jerome: Wow—this is some club you have here, and that orchestra is really playing.

Justine: Why sure, most of them are Juniors. That's Al Marcotte giving with the drum beat and Bob Donegan playing the sax. That's Pat Read at the piano and the girl playing the violin is Evelyn Lambert. Evelyn just joined the orchestra a while ago.

Jerome: Who's the presidential looking blonde coming in?

Justine: You certainly hit it on the head that time; he's our class president, Chuck Reynolds. That's a pretty Senior girl he's out with tonight. The girl in the good-looking blouse and skirt is Betty Chadwick, our vice-president.

Jerome: Who's the cute, tiny miss who just stepped in?

Justine: Oh—that's Kitty Graham, our secretary. They say good things come in small packages and we all think that about Kitty, especially the tall graduate who is with her.

Jerome: Woof! Woof! Who are they?

Justine: The one you're leering at is Marian Clement, manager of our field hockey team, and the girl whom the boy across the room is making eyes at, is Gladys Carter. She's captain. This is the first year our class has had a full hockey team, and we Junior girls are just about bursting with pride.

Jerome: Who's the boy wearing the flashy red and white tie?

Justine: Why, that's Dick Kumin. He's on the student council and didn't you know that all the Junior boys wear handsome ties? I'm not sure who the pretty sophomore with him is, but I think her first name is Virginia.

Jerome: Who is that tall, distinguished looking man going up to the coke bar?

Justine: Oh, haven't you met Mr. Rohanick yet? He's our class adviser.

Jerome: Justine, are there many boys from your class on the football team?

Justine: I just guess so, and most of them are over there in the stag line. See the tall boy in the maroon shirt? That's Edward Gallien—and that's Irving Kingsbury with him. The boy with the long eyelashes is Bill Hessenius.

Jerome: Is the boy with a dimple in his chin on the team too?

Justine: That's Robert Madden, and he's also one of the football heroes.

Jerome: And that very tall boy looks as if he would make a wonderful tackle.



Justine: Howard Evans is his name and in school, wherever he is, Harry Piper is sure to be with him. Harry has the dark, wavy hair; can you see him? Do you know that we have a couple of grand cheerleaders from our class? Betty Chadwick is one of them and the—

Jerome: Wow! Who is she??? Over there!

Justine: Oh, you mean the girl that's joining Kitty? That's Dottie Jodoin, our other cheerleader. Doesn't her hair look lovely tonight, but then, it always does anyway.

Jerome: That boy looks like one of the team.

Justine: Oh, that's Louis Lessard and—

Jerome: I bet he's a guard.

Justine: Why?

Jerome: Well, Lessard rhymes with guard, and so naturally I deduced that.

Justine: Oh—what corn! Look, there's Charlie Wells—he's manager of the football team. Do you know that Charlie got an A, two B's and a C on his report card this term? We're hoping he'll pull that C up and get on the honor roll. Oh—there come more of the team; the one with curly hair is Norman Lovell, and the one whom some of the girls are looking at, is John Rand.

Jerome: I notice that a lot of the Seniors are wearing class rings. When do you Juniors get yours?

Justine: Near the beginning of the year, we got together and elected a ring committee. We have chosen our design and sent the order in, and we should be sporting our class rings by Christmas.

Jerome: Who's the girl wearing the smooth pageboy?

Justine: Oh—that's our other student council member, Barbara Hall. I guess she won't be over to see us, because she's leaving her calling cards in the Senior class this fall. Oh, look, there come our two brain girls, Joanne Merrill and Phyllis Pelletier. They were the only two in the Junior class who made the honor roll.

Jerome: They're playing "Good Night Ladies" already, Justine. I do hope you'll ask me back again soon.

Joan DeCourcy '50

### SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Sally and Sammy Sophomore are at a table not far from the orchestra.

Sally Sophomore: I wonder where all the Sophomores are tonight?

Sammy Sophomore: We're the only ones from our class here.

Sally: Here come Jean Spaulding and Marilyn Kumin.

Sammy: Jean is captain of the hockey team, isn't she?

Sally: Yes, and Claire Marquis is the manager. This year we tied the Freshmen for second place.

Sammy: That's good, but we have some pretty good football players, too. David Rand made the Varsity and Robert Chase was right in there fighting, too.

Sally: Robert Wyman and William Low played, didn't they?



Sammy: Yes, and Richard Monish and Donald Ball.

Sally: What's that song the orchestra is playing?

Sammy: That's "Buttons and Bows." We danced that together at our Halloween Dance.

Sally: Oh, yes, I remember. Wasn't Raby's orchestra super!

Sammy: Remember what a lot of fun we had decorating for the dance?

Sally: Some of the costumes were very clever, too. Ann Barnard was a scream as a scarecrow.

Sammy: I thought Lorraine Cloutier and Marian Clement deserved first prize as angels.

Sally: I wouldn't have recognized Ralph Boone made up as a Southern Mammy.

Sammy: During intermission we all went for that cider, doughnuts and apples.

Sally: There's Robert Wyman, our president, dancing with Marilyn Kumin, our secretary. Don't they dance well together?

Sammy: Have you seen Mary Ann here tonight?

Sally: There she is over there by the orchestra. By the ring she is wearing, we are sure she isn't being Left(y) out.

Sammy: There's Robert Chase, our treasurer, dancing with Jean Spaulding, the vice president.

Sally: Oh, he's stopping to speak with the orchestra leader.

Sammy: He's probably requesting a song.

Sally: Ah! they are starting to play "White Christmas."

Sammy: That's a nice song to play Christmas Eve. Let's dance!

Virginia Pillsbury '51

## FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Characters: Fred and Flossie Freshman.

Scene: Christmas party, Table 4, near the Christmas tree.

Fred: Flossie, we can be pretty proud of our Freshman class this year.

Flossie: You bet! Especially in sports.

Fred: Say! Isn't that group of boys over there on the football team?

Flossie: Yes, they are Arnold Buckley, Robert Boyle, Cookie Jodoin, and Bill Lannin. Bill Lannin is captain of the Freshman football team.

Fred: Oh look! There are our two Freshman cheerleaders—Joanne Dougan and Lorraine Goyette, but who is that with them? Oh yes! Evans and Gallien.

Flossie: Yes, I know. We have chosen our temporary class officers and also our class colors.

Fred: There's the big, handsome president, Dick Spaulding, over there in the corner. I can't quite tell who that is with him, but it looks like Marilyn Bentley. Robert Rand, the treasurer, is over there, too.

Flossie: We have chosen green and gold as our class colors and the Home Economics girls will make the banner.

Fred: You girls have done very well in field-hockey this year, especially with Carol Hodgdon as your captain. Maxine Lessard has done a fine job as captain of the volleyball team, too.

Flossie: We girls surely looked awful on initiation day, didn't we, Fred?

Fred: Yes! We didn't look so hot either. What characters!

Flossie: The Annual Freshman Reception went off as usual and everyone had a good time.

Fred: Well, the party is about over, so good-night and by the way, Merry Christmas!

Charlotte Noddin '52

## Boys' Athletic Notes



UNDEFEATED 1948 PINKERTON FOOTBALL SQUAD

With only four returning lettermen from last year's undefeated eleven, the outlook for another great team looked dim when practice started the first of September. But as the first three weeks of hard practice passed, Coaches McKernan, Curran, and Rohanick had organized what looked to be a promising team.

Pinkerton showed they were going to be in there fighting all season when they started the 1948 season off with a bang by defeating Dracut High at Dracut, Massachusetts, by a score of 18-7.



The next game, October 2, resulted in Pinkerton's overpowering a rugged Alumni eleven 6-0.

On October 11, the team journeyed to Manchester for a game with Manchester West High School. A strong Pinkerton team came out on top, tripping West by a score of 19-0. This score was a result of the work of two of the best halfbacks in the state, Captain Tyler and Billy Hepworth.

It was an undefeated and untied eleven that went to Newport, New Hampshire, October 16, to meet Towle High, also undefeated and untied. This was the all important game. Pinkerton again came out on top in the hardest fought game of the season by a score of 6-0.

Pinkerton played its second and last home game of the season, October 23, against Exeter. A large crowd was on hand to see the seniors playing their last game for Pinkerton at the Alumni Oval. These seniors were Captain George Tyler, Bill Hepworth, John Bartlett, Roland Caron, Carl Barnard, Bob Merrill, Bob Hicks, Curtis Henderson, Gordon Lovell, Ralph Boone and Ed Traver. They all performed brilliantly as Pinkerton downed Exeter by a score of 39 to 13. Tyler, Merrill, Hepworth and Caron all scored in this game.

October 30th found P. A. at Chelmsford, Mass., against an aggressive Chelmsford eleven. P. A. with late game strength defeated Chelmsford 19-8. Eddie Gallien played brilliantly in this game to give hopes for a good team next season.

Seven weeks had passed since Pinkerton had opened its 1948 football season. Somersworth High was the only barrier between success or defeat. Armistice Day, the P. A. eleven traveled to Somersworth and entered the undefeated ranks for the second consecutive year by trimming their opponents 39-19. Again, Tyler, Hepworth and Gallien were outstanding. Thus ended another great football season for P. A.

#### STATISTICS FOR THE SEASON

	P. A.	Opp.
1st Downs	59	52
F. Passes Attempted	66	59
F. Passes Completed	33	15
Intercepted	5	5
Yards Passed	597	238
Total Yards	2022	1305
Penalties (yds.)	115	120
Fumbles	6	12
Score	141	47

#### Members of the 1948 Undefeated Football Team

Captain George Tyler, Carl Barnard, John Bartlett, Ralph Boone, Roland Caron, Curtis Henderson, William Hepworth, Robert Hicks, Gordon Lovell, Robert Merrill, Edward Traver, Howard Evans, Edward Gallien, William Hessenius, Irving Kingsbury, Louis Lessard, Norman Lovell, Robert Madden, Harry Piper.

John Rand, Donald Ball, Robert Chase, William Low, Richard Monish, David Rand, Robert Wyman, Arnold Buckley, Franklin Jodoin, William Lannin and Arthur Strong. Maurice B. MacDonald, manager; Charles Wells and William Goldsmith, assistants.

Maurice B. MacDonald '49

## Girls' Athletic Notes

The following girls have earned their Pinkerton Athletic Letters:

### Second Letter

Judy Gibbs

### First Letters

Patricia Butterfield

Carlene Caldwell

Barbara Kingsbury

Leona Morrill

Camille Madden

Irene Muzzey

Dolores Pelletier

Elaine Rand

Gladys Carter

Betty Chadwick

Eileen Clark

Jackie Hepworth

Mary Lou Hodgdon

The Letterwomen's Association elected the following officers:

President

Judy Gibbs

Vice-President

Camille Madden

Secretary

Leona Morrill

Treasurer

Carlene Caldwell

Field hockey, under the direction of Miss McIntyre, started soon after school opened. The first game was played on October 4, 1948. Miss Kraff coached the Freshman girls and turned out a fine scrappy team. Each class was fighting for the cup. The Senior girls were undefeated and received the cup for the second consecutive year. The Sophomores, Freshmen and Juniors finished in that order.

The classes elected the following hockey captains:

Senior

Betty Lou Scroggins

Junior

Gladys Carter

Sophomore

Jean Spaulding

Freshman

Carol Hodgdon

The classes elected the following hockey managers:

General Manager

Helen Small

Senior

Helen Small

Junior

Marian Clement

Sophomore

Claire Marquis

Freshman

Jean Clark

The most exciting game of the season was played on November 15, when the Lily Pads accepted the challenge of the Unconquered, Rough, Tough, Barbaric Raiders. The boys, wearing football helmets, were prepared for a tough game and



got down to business as soon as the whistle blew. The girls couldn't score against the boys and when the first half was over, the score was 1-0. Determined not to let the Lily Pads win, the Raiders went back in to the second half fighting. Again the boys scored, making it 2-0. The Senior girls, tired and beaten, faced defeat for the first time in two years.

Camille Madden '49

## Alumni Notes

The following members of the class of 1948 are in the service :

Richard Buckley — Navy	George Mauzy — Naval Reserve
Richard Lambert — Navy	Richard Nelson — Navy
Arthur LaPorte — Navy	Richard Rand — Army
Herbert Longdin — Navy	John Ratay — Navy

The following members of the class of 1948 are continuing their education in various schools and colleges :

Virginia Beckley—Westbrook Junior College, Westbrook, Maine.  
 Joyce Cooper—Concord Memorial Hospital, Concord, N. H.  
 Robert Dubeau—Boston University, Boston, Mass.  
 Irene Estabrooks—Maine General Hospital, Portland, Maine.  
 Margaret Fogarty—School of Design, Providence, Rhode Island.  
 Robert Kelley—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.  
 Leona Latulippe—Nashua Memorial Hospital, Nashua, N. H.  
 Barbara Martel—Nashua Memorial Hospital, Nashua, N. H.  
 Donald McDivitt—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.  
 Carolyn Nutt—Nashua Memorial Hospital, Nashua, N. H.  
 Aubrey Oikle—New England College, Henniker, N. H.  
 Henry Patnaude—School of Practical Art, Boston, Mass.  
 Warren Pillsbury—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.  
 Nancy Rand—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.  
 Dana Roberts—University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H.  
 Cecil Taylor—Massachusetts Radio and Telegraph School, Boston, Mass.  
 Joan Thacher—Mount Auburn Hospital, Cambridge, Mass.  
 Phyllis Willey—Edgewood College, Barrington, Rhode Island.  
 Donald Wyman—Manchester Institute of Fine Arts and Sciences, Manchester, N. H.

Raymond Thibeault—New England College, Henniker, N. H.

Other members of the class are in the following places :

Christine Baker—Manchester.	Channing Hamer—Windham.
Charles Bartlett—Derry.	Edna Hills (Mrs. Harold Merrill)
Patricia Blanchard—Derry.	Hudson.
Joanne Butterfield—Derry.	Clement Latulippe—Derry.
Kenneth Carson—Derry Village.	Jacqueline Legendre—Derry

William Chase—Derry.	Richard MacGregor—Derry.
Douglas Clark—Derry.	Lorraine Marquis—Manchester.
Burton Clement—Derry.	Helen Martel—Derry.
Corinne Cote—Manchester.	Richard Merrill—Derry.
Elizabeth Daskal—Manchester.	Everett Nichols—Derry.
Anna Dawn Eaton—Manchester.	John Palmer—Derry.
Phyllis George—Derry.	Phillis Patnaude—Derry.
Douglas Gile—Derry.	Majorie Piper—Derry.
Corinne Goodheart—Manchester.	Ruth Reynolds—Boston, Mass.
Eva Guinesso—Auburn.	Walter Robertson—East Derry.
Benjamin Gurley—Derry.	Mildred Sargent—Derry.
Pauline Hall—Derry.	Leroy Scott—Chester.
Pauline Hall (Mrs. D. Butterfield) Derry	June Sheldon—Windham.

### ENGAGEMENTS

Shirley Gross '44 to Sol J. Darling.

### MARRIAGES

Cynthia Selden '46 to William Geoffery Payne, R. C. A. F.  
 Ellen Clark '45 to Carl A. Watts.  
 Freda Gardiner '39 to William W. McKay '38.  
 Bertha V. Coleman to Merle N. Johnson '44.  
 Gladys C. Smith to George W. LaPorte, Jr. '41.  
 Jean Olesen '47 to John Palmer '48.  
 Aida Schultz '43 to Wayne Knope.  
 Barbara Sumner '47 to Albert Warren, Jr.  
 Pauline Hall '48 to Donald Butterfield, Jr.  
 Patricia Senter '45 to William Levandowski '46.  
 Helen Glod to Walter Borowski '37.  
 Ruth Napier to Richard Gonye '33.  
 Jennie York to Raymond Hall '43  
 Pauline Cassidy '44 to Kenneth W. Hamer '42.  
 Edna Hills '48 to Harold Merrill.  
 Lorette Lambert '47 to Willard Cousins.

### BIRTHS

A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Chadwick '42.  
 A son to Mr. and Mrs. Jay Maboy (Gwendolyn Doubleday '42).  
 A son to Mr. and Mrs. John Devine '37.  
 A son to Mr. and Mrs. John Yon (Corrine Dalton '47).  
 A son to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Watts '42.  
 A son to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young '47.  
 A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Anderson '40.

### INTERESTING ITEMS

Mr. Alfred F. Conner, instructor in the Agriculture Department of Pinkerton Academy, has been awarded this year's Robert Lincoln O'Brien travel fund.



Mr. Conner plans to take a trip to South America.

Ernest E. Berry, Jr. '42 was among the graduates at Becker Junior College, Worcester, Mass. at the June Commencement. He received the degree of Associate in Science.

Ruth E. Bagley '39 received the degree of master of education from Duquesne University School of Nursing, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Shirley Gross '44 was awarded the Mary M. Riddle Scholarship upon her graduation from Laselle Junior College, Auburndale, Mass.

Lee Plimpton '47 and Robert Rider '47 have enlisted in the Army.

Thomas Bailey, formerly of the class of '50, has enlisted in the Navy.

Carolyn Nutt '48 was among those selected to be in the finals of the Miss New Hampshire contest this summer.

Claire Muzzey '46 received a special award for the operation of machine calculators at Hesser Business College commencement exercises.

At Camp Lincoln, a memorial craft shop was presented as a gift of Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Hall, in memory of their son Alan B. Hall '42, who died in the service of his country during World War II.

Lewis O'Brien and Carl Weston participated in the North Atlantic Region dairy cattle and poultry judging contests at the Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass. O'Brien finished fourth in the dairy cattle showmanship contest.

The Pinkerton Academy Class of '45 held its first reunion this summer at Bear Hill State Park.

George Kachavos '46 left-footed kicking specialist of the U. N. H. football team placed eighth in the entire country including large as well as small colleges in his specialty of extra-point kicking. Kachavos successfully made 31 conversions out of 37 attempts for a percentage of .838.

## Crow Notes

At the beginning of football season, we thought that "Heppy" was going to spend "(H)all" of his time in Londonderry, but now he seems to be "Madden" (ing) a Senior cheerleader.

It appeared that a Senior boy was building a "Hen(ne)ry" or a Town "Hall" near Mack's Pond, but now we think it will be a black "Smith" shop. Maybe Jean could tell us!

Who is the female "Gard(i)ner" who is undecided as to her choice of occupation? Will she be a private "Dick" or go to New England College?

This is the jack-pot question! Who is the Freshman girl who seems to have a number of boys "Holden"(g) onto her?

Who is the Junior football player who goes "GaGa" over the Freshman cheerleader? For "'Evan's" sake!

The Sophomore class president's favorite saying must be, "What will the "Wether-be"(e)"?

Since Senior class pictures have been exchanged, we find that the camera-fiend has long had a crush on the head-cheerleader!

We wonder about our curly-haired football manager and his interests in the Freshman girls. It seems that Edna has quite a grip on him. Be fair girls, let everyone have a chance.

The Crow was flying in Windham, and found a "Freshman "Boy(le)" spending most of his time running around a "Barn(ard)".

Then we flew straight as an arrow to Beaver Lake and noticed a Freshman girl who was continually "Noddin"(g) her head at a Senior boy for whom she seems to "Care(y)" much.

We are also concerned as to the life a Freshman girl will lead. Will she "Care(y)" for a farm with a "Car on" the road; will she "Len"(d) her life to the man with the "Sever"(ence)ing motorcycle, or will she take the "Bumpy" road to success?

There are two Senior girls who have outside interests. One has a nice "Tan-(ny)" she got in Manchester, and the other one is very "Frank", huh, Patsy!

Crows very often fly in a "field." But this little crow was taking in everything from a rafter high up in a "Barn". Outside in the (y)ard, stood an old Ford Car (1) which had been abandoned by a little blond Senior cheerleader, who now seems to be "Butter"(ing) her bread with "Frank"(ness).

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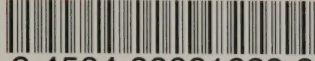
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